

THE
MONTHLY
THEATRICAL REPORTER;
OR,
LITERARY MIRROR.

FOR

J U L Y, 1815.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

BY THOMAS DUTTON, A. M.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MR. KEAN

AS ZANGA.

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LONDON:

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MONTHLY
HISTORICAL & LITERARY
JOURNAL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter, signed *Ajax*, came to hand too late for insertion in our present number.

Philalethes will be pleased to accept of our best thanks for his obliging communication. It shall certainly appear in our next.

Our *Brighton Correspondent* will essentially oblige us, by the performance of his kind promise.

theatrical season, numbered instances of scenes of wild
and noisy scenes of mirth has very much. But not of instances of
mirth, & of the over-much mirth, without the other less noisy
kind. The first kind will have always been more popular
amongst the lower classes, & the latter among the middle & upper.

THE

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER.

Wishing you all a happy & prosperous summer, we now
begin our digests from time to time of the
most noted theatricals in the present season, including
all the principal theatres, & the principal persons
employed in them. ——————
—————
—————
VAUXHALL GARDENS.

This fairy scene of nocturnal fascination, and fashionable resort
opened for the season on Monday, June 12. The general arrange-
ment and disposition of its component parts present less *abso-*
lute novelty, (a quality in fact, considering the almost *ne plus ultra*
of refinement to which its manifold attractions have been carried,
little necessary, and as little to be looked for than of *renovated ele-*
gance, splendour and magnificence. One additional exhibition,
however, deserves to be specifically noticed. It is introduced at
the end of the long walk, parallel to the space, in which the fire-
works are distributed, and consists of a scene representing and illus-
trative of a *naumachia*, as it is termed in the Greek appellation
under which it is announced in the bills, or in plain English of a sea
engagement. This exhibition, which we understand, is got up by
and under the superintendance of Mr Bologna jun. of Covent-Garden
theatre, enters into all the numerous details of a fight between two
fleets. The firing of cannon is heard, the flash distinctly seen; the
dreadful effects produced by these destructive engines of modern
warfare most strikingly displayed, in the injury sustained by the
respective vessels, and the damaged state in which their hulls, rig-
ging &c. appear. We are next presented with a view of a ship
on fire—the smoke is seen bursting out in all directions, ascend the

sky in volumes, the conflagration becomes general, and threatens to communicate to the rest. Boats pass and repass to afford assistance, and carry off the crew; meanwhile two ships are cruising about, veer, brace their yards, and trim their sails; in a word, perform all the different manœuvres, which ships on such occasions are wont to practice. The rolling of the waves is admirably imitated with the repercussion of the billows, as they alternately break upon and recede from the shore. The whole, in fact, is managed with uncommon skill and address, and the *sauvachia* may justly be pronounced a charming spectacle, which must prove peculiarly gratifying to the inhabitants of a country, whose main strength, and indeed whose political existence depends in a great measure upon their maintaining the empire of the sea; upon their superiority on the watery element.

In addition to the usual band of vocal performers, the two Misses Halford, and Mr. Collier figure on the list of new engagement.—They were very kindly greeted, on their appearance, and loudly applauded by the audience, which, notwithstanding the mutability of the weather, was more numerous as well as more fashionable than is customary on a first night.

The gala-night on the succeeding Monday was still more splendid. Anticipating, as it were, the glorious result of the military operations of the allied armies, under the illustrious Duke of Wellington, the illuminations were of the most brilliant description. Nothing can surpass the taste and elegance with which the decorations were disposed. Night was absolutely transformed into the full blaze of day, by the profusions of suns, stars, diamonds, plumes, and other magnificent devices, which shone in the different allies and walks.—The facade, in front of the Regent's pavilion, was surmounted with the royal arms, thickly studded with an almost countless multitude of variegated lamps, encircled with leaves of ever-green, and branches of laurel. The concert, in which several martial airs were executed with great effect, was loudly applauded. The fire-works, which terminated the amusements of the night, went off with wonderful *eclat*, and were conducted with a degree of precision truly astonishing. The designs they exhibited were patriotic, and analogous to the general feeling. Not the slightest disorder or interruption occurred in their discharge, a circumstance which reflects great credit on

dition on the talents and exertions of the Artists, Messrs. BOLOGNA and HENGLER.

But a still prouder night for Vauxhall was the *gala* given on Friday, June 23—after the publication of the glorious and decisive victory obtained by the immortal WELLINGTON, in conjunction with the gallant BLUCHER, over the common enemy of Europe. The orchestra, from its summit to its very base, was studded with thousands of lamps, exhibiting all the diversified hues of the rain bow and arranged in the most elegant and tasteful devices. Directly in front of this conspicuous pyramid of light shone on the range of the illuminated borders, which encompass the quadrangular walk, the words : “*the immortal Wellington, and his brave army!*” inscribed in Roman characters, of large size, formed by gold coloured lamps, thickly beset and intersected with diamonds, and branches of laurel, the fresh and vividgreen of which formed a most beautiful contrast with the broad glare of the lamps. The effect produced by this happy contrast was delightful, softening the excessive fulgence of the light, and relieving the eye from a blaze, which otherwise would have been insufferable. Every other part of the premises was illuminated in a style of equal splendour and magnificence. The orchestra consisting of a band not more distinguished by the number than by the choice collection of its members, executed a variety of martial pieces, which gave great and universal satisfaction. Among the vocal performers we particularly noticed Mr. BLAND, Mrs. STERLING, the two Misses HALFOAP; Mr. DIGNUM Mr. TAYLOR, and Mr. COLLIES. Many of the songs and glees were composed expressly for the present occasion, and met with unbounded applause.

The entertainments concluded with a grand display of pyrotechnic inventions, which were exhibited to much superior advantage, in consequence of the serenity and darkness of the night. Of these, the subject which principally attracted our notice and admiration was the representation of the front of a Grecian temple, in the centre of which appeared the name of Wellington, in characters of living flame. This exhibition was greeted with bursts of tumultuous enthusiasm from an immense concourse of spectators. One general feeling of loyal and patriotic exultation seemed to animate every bosom, and the night passed away in undisturbed hilarity and rapturous joy.

DUNMOW-BACON.

To the Editor of the *Theatrical Reporter*, &c.

SIR,

Mr. —— now Sir Henry Dudley, Bate's musical Entertainment of the *Flitch of Bacon*, having lately been revived, as it were, at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Miss L. Kelly, in the interesting character of *Eliza*, which she sustained, for the first time on the metropolitan boards, on Tuesday, May 2. I am led to believe, that the following authentic document, relative to the manner of claiming and delivering the gammon of Bacon, extracted from the Register of the Count-Baron of Dunmow, may not prove unacceptable to many of your readers.

I am &c.

Great Easton.

Curiosus.

12 June, 1815.

DUNMOW.
nuper Priorat.

S. S.

*At a Court Baron of the Right Worshipful
Sir Thomas May, Knight, holden on Friday,
the 27th day of June, in the Thirteenth year
of the reign of our Sovereign Lord William III.
by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland
France, and Ireland, Defender of the
Faith &c—and in the Year of our Lord 1701,
before Thomas Wheeler, Gent. Steward of the
said Manor, it is thus enrolled*

Homage.

Elizabeth Beaumont,
Henrietta Beaumont,
Arabella Beaumont,
Jane Beaumont,
Mary Wheeler—Spinster all.

Jurors.

Be it remembered, that it is found and presented, by the Homage aforesaid, that *William Paisley*, of Much Easton, in the county of Essex, Butcher, and Jane his wife, have been married for the space of Three years last past and upwards: And it is likewise found, presented, and adjudged, by the Homage aforesaid, that the said *William Paisley*, and *Jane* his wife, by means of their quiet and peacable, tender and loving cohabitation, for space of time aforesaid (as appears to the said Homage) are fit and qualified Persons, to be

admitted by the Court to receive the ancient and accustomed Oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the Bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them, according to the Custom of the Manor.

Whereupon, at this Court, in full and open Court, came the said *Willian Paisley*, and *Jane* his wife, in their proper persons, and humbly prayed they might be admitted to take the oath.

Whereupon the said Steward, with the Jury, Suitors, and officers of the Court, proceeded, with the usual Solemnity, to the ancient and accustomed place, for the administration of the Oath, and receiving the Bacon aforesaid, that is to say, the two great Stones lying near the church-door, within the said Manor: Where the said *Willian Paisley*, and *Jane* his wife, kneeling down on the two Stones, the said Steward administered unto them the Oath, in these words, or to the effects following—viz.

“ You do swear, by custom of Confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression :
Nor, since you were married Man and Wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife,
Or otherwise, in bed, or at board,
Offended each other, in deed or in word ;
Or, in a Twelvemonth's time and a day,
Repented not in thought any way ;
Or, since the Church Clerk say'd “ Amen ! ”
Wish'd yourselves unmarried again ;
But continue true, and in desire,
As when you joined hands in holy Quire.”

And immediately thereupon the said *William Paisley*, and *Jane* his wife, claiming the said Bacon, the Court pronounced the Sentence for the same, in these words, or to the effect following,—viz.

“ Since to these conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord, you do freely swear ;
A whole Gammon of Bacon you do receive,
And bear it away, with Love and good leave.
For this is the custom of *Dunmow* well known,
Though the *Pleasure* be ours, the *Bacon's* your own ! ”

And accordingly a Gammon of Bacon was delivered unto the said *William Paisley* and *Jane his Wife*, with the usual solemnity
Examined per Thomas Wheeler, Steward.

PADDY O'BLARNEY'S TRAVELS.

A NEW SONG.—TUNE, “*In Ireland so Frisky.*”

I.

T'other day full of whisky, I set off so frisky,
 With Phelim Ognisky and Larey O'Shore,—
 To cross a wide river, into which you deliver,
 All that you've eaten that minute before.
 O, we rode for neat London, where I have been undone,
 Been done and undone, and done over again,
 In their doing, they'd do me, with iron they'd shoe me,
 And afterwards Jew me, out of chance they call'd main.

II.

I ax'd at old Miles's, the way to St. Giles's,
 Say's he it two miles is from where you now stand,
 O, says I, my dear Honey, sure you've got the money,
 And with maz you've got funny, so give us your hand.
 Then I trudg'd up the city, where women so pretty,
 And likewise so witty, doth walk up and down ;
 I took one round the waist O, when she in her haste O,
 Gave me a neat taste O, right over the crown.

III.

O, Allen's-a-bogs, Ballerone, Killebegs, Duncannon,
 Connor, Bray, Killeclough, Ulster and Cork,
 I've left, and my Salley Crone, with eyes like the sun and
 moon,
 And I've come over here to eat broth with a fork ;
 O, Judy of Killesbegs, you had your mother's legs,
 Long, and as straight as the bog's Bucket poles,
 Face like a turnip white, head faith with whisky light,
 The Venus of Killesbegs, Judy M'Howls.

To the Editor of the Theatrical Reporter &c.

SIR,

Nothing appears to me more lamentable than the wretched shifts, to which performers are now reduced to make a good benefit-night. Time was when a good sterling play and a farce, particularly with the recommendatory notion that it was for the benefit of a favorite performer, would yield a bumper. But now, alas! the case is woefully changed. Whether it be owing to this, that the food with which the public appetite has been regaled, has lost its relish, or from what other cause I cannot pretend to decide; but it appears now necessary for Actors to promise some high-seasoned dish, or a Party to the feast cannot be obtained—It is to be sure natural that one of the histrionic profession should be desirous by any fair means of drawing a numerous audience; but I would ask, whether Actors do not rather injure their own fame, by stepping completely out of their way on such occasions. I remember the injunction of the Roman Satyrist:

"Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello,"—

and therefore will not be too harsh. Yet I think it a fault for the shoe-maker to go on any occasion beyond his last; and if (to apply the vulgar figure to players) they did not; the taste of the public would not require it. Liston's *Octavian*, Jones's *Masquerade*, and Young's *Captain Macheath* are illustrations of my meaning, without a comment, and really this evil seems so wide-spreading, that I should not be much surprised to see a bill thus drawn up:

MR. KEMBLE'S NIGHT.

On Wednesday, — — — Will be performed A favorite play, with the characters reversed, i. e. the Ladies, for that night only, will wear the breeches; to which will be added *Mother Goose*

(*Squire Bugle, (afterwards Clown, for that night only)*) MR. KEMBLE.

to succeed *Harlequin, Mr. CRESWELL.* Slippered Pantaloons, MR. CLAREMONT.

Mother Goose, MRS. SIDDONS, (who has most kindly and handsomely lent her assistance.)

The Goose, (*that lays the golden Eggs*) MR. KEAN. (by permission of the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre after a long and animated discussion.)

And accordingly a Gammon of Bacon was delivered unto the said *William Paisley* and *Jane his Wife*, with the usual solemnity

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To cross a wide river, into which you deliver,
All that you've eaten that minute before.
O, we rode for neat London, where I have been undone,
Been done and undone, and done over again,
In their doing, they'd do me, with iron they'd shoe me,
And afterwards Jew me, out of chance they call'd main.

II.

I ax'd at old Miles's, the way to St. Giles's,
Say's he it two miles is from where you now stand,
O, says I, my dear honey, sure you've got the money,
And with max you've got funny, so give us your hand.
Then I trudg'd up the city, where women so pretty,
And likewise so witty, doth walk up and down ;
I took one round the waist O, when she in her haste O,
Gave me a neat taste O, right over the crown.

III.

O, Allen's-bogs, Ballerone, Killebegg, Duncannon,
Connor, Bray, Killeough, Ulster and Cork,
I've left, and my Salley Crone, with eyes like the sun and
moon,
And I've come over here to eat brekfst with a fork ;
O, Judy of Killebega, you had your mother's legs,
Long, and as straight as the bog's bucket poles,
Face like a turnip white, head faith with whisky light,
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“*Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello,*”—and therefore will not be too harsh. Yet I think it a fault for the shoe-maker to go on any occasion beyond his last; and if (to apply the vulgar figure to players) they did not; the taste of the public would not require it. Liston's *Octavian*, Jones's *Masquerade*, and Young's *Captain Macheath* are illustrations of my meaning, without a comment, and really this evil seems so wide-spreading, that I should not be much surprised to see a bill thus drawn up:

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VOL. NO. 10.

X X

Colombine, MISS O'NEILL.

*Minor Characters, (Males) by Messrs. Conway, Jones, Abbot, &c.
Females, Mesdms. H. Johnstone, Foote, Booth &c.*

In the course of the Pantomime Mr. Kemble will, if sufficiently recovered from the gout, dance with Mr. Creswell the comic *pas deux*, usually danced by Grimaldi and Bologna. Tickets to be had &c.

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

To the Editor of the Monthly Theatrical Reporter &c.

SIR,

In the late discussions, relative to the future management and direction of Drury-Lane Theatre, the proposal for letting the house has been combated, chiefly on the ground of the injurious effects, which might probably result to the national literary character and taste, by the production of unworthy pieces, should the control be vested in the hands of an individual. Much pompous declamation was at the same time wasted on the necessity of supporting the cause of *legitimate drama*, to which Mr. Whitbread professes so strong an attachment, that he states this to have been his principal object and inducement for persuading several of his friends, to become purchasers of shares in the concern.

In the expediency and importance of this object, I perfectly agree with Mr. Whitbread. Like that gentleman, I conceive it essential to the national honour, in a literary point of view, that the stage should not be disgraced by vile and unworthy productions. But, in how far this evil is more likely to accrue from the control of an individual, who as renter of the house, must of course have a large interest at stake, than from the direction of a Committee, I have as yet, Mr. Editor, not been able to discover. If I form my opinion, on this point, from experience, which to me appears the best criterion, and draw my precedent from the history of the present season, now drawing to its close, I certainly see little cause of congratulation; little cause to compliment the members of the Committee, now on the eve of retiring from their high functions, on the attention they have paid to the support of the legitimate drama, on the success, which has crowned their efforts.

Unwilling to say a word, which might wound and interfere with personal feeling, I shall, from motives of delicacy, in examining the

claims of the new dramas, that have been brought forward, in the course of the present season, at Drury-Lane Theatre, make no reference or allusion to any plays represented on *Benefit nights*. Here the performer, for whose profit the benefit is given, naturally looks forward exclusively to his own advantage. Sensible that the grand bulk of the inhabitants of this immense capital, like children, are to be caught and attracted by novelty, the performer, in drawing up his bill of fare, pays little or no regard to the intrinsic merit of the pieces he selects for representation, but solely to their probable chance of procuring a crowded house—Hence it would be unfair to criticize with fastidious nicety dramatic novelties, brought forward under such circumstances.

Deducting therefore the *Benefit novelties*, how stands the account, and in how far have the members of the Drury Lane Sub-Committee consulted the interests of the legitimate drama, in their choice and approval of the new plays brought forward, since the commencement of the present season? A Comedy, in five acts, entitled *Policy*, but cut down from five to three acts on the very second night, we will allow to class in the rubric of legitimate drama. So likewise does the ill-starred tragedy of *Ina*, though most unhappily strangled in the very birth, and never honoured with a second representation. But can the Musical Romance of the *Ninth Statue*; or the *Irishman in Bagdad*, lay claim to rank in the same list, to muster with the host of legitimate drama? Can the incomprehensible *Unknown Guest* boast any pretensions to this honour?

Thus we see of four new pieces, brought forward at Drury-Lane theatre, two, are decidedly out of the pale of legitimate drama; and the remaining two of very inauspicious claim. If to the above list we add the disgraceful buffooneries, regularly exhibited during the Christmas and Easter Holidays, under the title of New Pantomimes—such as the *Valley of Diamonds*, for instance, what proof have the members of the Drury-Lane Sub-Committee given, either of the correctness of their taste, or their zeal for genuine and legitimate drama? Could more vile and abominable nonsense have been produced, under the individual controul of any theatrical manager, or director, possessing the slightest pretensions to common sense combined with a due regard to his own personal interests?

Another circumstance, Mr. Editor, which most forcibly struck me in Mr. Whitbread's speech to the Meeting of the Proprietors and Subscribers to Drury-Lane Theatre, at the *Crown and Anchor*, is the proposition to raise the price of admission money to the pit. Mr. Whitbread tells us, that the public are so infatuated with show and pageantry, that the Managers of the theatre have no chance of success, without gratifying this depraved and prurient taste for childish splendour and magnificence. How is such an assertion to be reconciled with a manly determination, on the part of Managers, to reject the prevalence of false taste, and to uphold the rights of legitimate drama against the encroachments of show, of sing-song, and of puerile ostentation? What advantages the drama may derive from the exertions of the new Committee for the direction of Drury-Lane theatre, Time will eventually make known. But at all events, it is to be hoped, that they will evince more literary integrity and discernment, in their acceptance of new pieces sent in for examination and approval, than has distinguished and characterized the conduct of the late arbiters of the public taste.

In this hope, I remain,

Mr. Editor,

Soho Square

26 May, 1815.

Yours &c.

A. Z.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

* * * The following letter, as will abundantly appear from its complexion and contents, has been addressed to the *Editor of the Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, by a correspondent, who seems not a little hurt at some opinions we have advanced, respecting the merits of certain popular performers. As the writer expressly calls upon us to give his letter insertion in our miscellany, we here present it to our readers, with a view of showing, in the first place, that we do not shrink from criticism and blame, and secondly, that we are not above receiving instruction and advice. We have likewise a third inducement for publishing it, to wit, the wish to undeceive the writer, and justify ourselves, in certain points, on which he attacks us not only rashly and without due examination, but even prefers charges against us, to which we do not stand amenable. For this purpose, we have permitted ourselves to accompany his accusation with the requisite comments, in the shape of *Notes*.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* &c.

SIR,

The most necessary qualities for a critic are impartiality, and want of prejudice, to both of which, I think, the editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, is not a little * addicted. For he is not only prejudiced against one of our principal actors, but even against any thing that comes out on the stage. He almost goes so far as to say, that nothing modern can be † good. Is our age then so perfectly destitute of talent, that nothing can please the eagle-eyed scrutiny of the editor of the *Theatrical Reporter*? Is talent now a days

“ *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*”

Has he forgotten Scott, Southey, Campbell, Rogers, Byron, and all the authors of the present day? And surely, if there is so much talent in one line of writing, there is no reason to think that it is totally impossible there can be any in another.

Again, it is allowed on all-hands, that never did Mr. Kemble's histrionic art shine with greater lustre than in November and December last. And yet the editor of the *Theatrical Reporter* discovers defects in his performance. Nothing in that great actor, can please him. He is only alive to Mr. Kemble's failings; only sharp-sighted to his blemishes and defects *. He says, he is not one of

* This is the first time we ever knew a writer arraigned and brought before the public, on the charge of being “ *addicted to impartiality.*” We make no doubt the author pays us this compliment, in the present instance, through mistake, and by over-sight. He probably meant, that, instead of being “ *not a little addicted to impartiality,*”—we are “ *not a little estranged from it.*”

† The author would greatly oblige us, if he would have the condescension to explain and substantiate this part of his charge. Instead of dealing in vague, random, unfounded accusations, we request him to point out the number, the page, the passage, in which we said, or even hinted, that “ *nothing modern can be good.*”

* Surely our angry correspondant can never have read the very last number of the *Theatrical Reporter*, in which, speaking of *Penruddock*, in Mr. Cumberland's play of the *Wheel of Fortune*, we expressly state, (see page 352.)—“ Such is the *Penruddock* drawn by the pen of Mr. Cumberland, in the play; such the Pen-

those, who think “*vox populi, vox Dei*,” and yet he makes an O’Neill, equal to a Siddons. “*O tempora! O mores!*” A girl of twenty, with little or no countenance, is compared to the tragic music! Has he forgotten the fire of Mrs. Siddons’s eye, her awe-commanding face, and the grace that was displayed in every movement? It is novelty alone that will succeed with a London audience. I am glad to find, however, that in one instance, the editor has shewn great taste and judgment, namely, in his uniform praise of that beautiful, and delightful actress, Miss Foote. I witnessed her performance of *Statira*, (for her benefit,) and, in my opinion, it was one of those pleasing performances, than cannot fail in interesting the auditor, for the lovely representative herself, who so well supports so amiable a character. Her *Aladdin* was also delightful, and there the innocent *naïveté* of her manner, was shown off to the

ruddock exhibited to us, by the acting of Mr. Kemble, in the representation. Mr. Kean, (we continue) on the other hand, totally misconceives, and misconceiving, totally misrepresents the part. With merciless hand, and ruthless violence of action, he strips *Peurud-dock* of all those attributes of dignity, those indefinable graceful appendages, with which the polished performance of Mr. Kemble has invested him. He gives us the mere sediment of what we have been wont to admire; the mere lees of a liquor, fraught originally with energy and spirit, but from which he has drained all the nobler essence. Even his very style of dressing the character, when compared with Mr. Kemble’s costume, sufficiently bespeaks the woeful falling-off. Mr. Kemble presents to the eye the image of a gentleman, long accustomed to seclusion. Mr. Kean offers to the imagination nothing but the idea of clownishness and rusticity.”

How, we beg leave to ask, will the writer of this letter reconcile the above report of Mr. Kemble’s performance, with the broad, unqualified assertion he so confidently advances, that “nothing in that great actor can please the editor of the *Theatrical Reporter?*”—that “he is only alive to Mr. Kemble’s failings; only sharp-sighted to his blemishes and defects?”

We might instance various other occasions, on which we have endeavoured to render justice to Mr. Kemble’s professional merit, were we not apprehensive of trespassing upon the patience of our readers.

greatest advantage. There must be great hope of this lovely actress becoming one day the brightest ornament of her profession.

I beg the editor's pardon, for remarking so freely on his errors, (although I agree with him in thinking the stage greatly debased) : but as he says the *Theatrical Reporter* is open to all opinions, I hope he will allow this to be inserted in one of his numbers.

I am, &c.

H. H——n,

Friday, June 16, 1815.

SELECT POETRY.

Airs, Chorusses, &c. from the Choral Musque of the DRUID; or the VISION of FINGAL,—performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, on Thursday, May 25, 1815, for the Benefit of the Caledonian Asylum.

Forbear! these festive gestures stay,
Sedater joy should crown the triumphs of this day;
For our victorious ranks beheld
The foe defeated, but not quell'd.
The snake you scotch'd, and think is slain,
Will close, and be itself again:
The Eagle that to-day has fled,
Again will fill the vales with dread;
The ravag'd folds again deplore,
The plund'ring of the wolves, and beaks a thirst for gore.

Roscrama.

What distant fear thy breast alarms,
Chief of the many fam'd in arms? It saig! I longer!
Why thus at Valour's feast of pride,
Wilt thou th' exulting Hero chide,
And bid the swelling Minstrel cease
To sing the harvest-home of Victory and Peace?

Fingal.

O, thou to whom in youth's free hour,
My subject heart confess'd thy beauty's pow'r;

The same on whom, in riper years,
My soul repos'd its hopes and fears ;
The same to whom, in life's declining even,
The charm to soothe me still is given—
The grief that swells within my boding breast,
My heart to thee had long confes'd ;
But till this hour of Triumph came,
And Morven's sons had earn'd their fame ;
Till here, in Selma's sounding hall,
The strangers' lights their lustre gave ;
Till high on Selma's storied wall,
The shield was hung, and feasted here the brave,—
Could Fingal's soul forget its high career,
And stoop to own the anxious fear,
That come it will, though distant far,
The deluge of unequal war ;
When Fingal's race, the race of song,
Shall sink amidst that current strong,
And silence brood where Bards in Selma sing,
And fluttering ivy climb where hangs the tuneful string.

Roscrana.

Shall Fingal's mighty spirit own
The twilight thoughts of shadowy dread ;
Be aw'd by dangers yet unknown,
And tremble at their coming tread ?
When Fate decrees that Fingal's line,
Though dark'ning clouds may overspread,
Shall, still renew'd, triumphant shine,
Still brighter raise the regal head.

Chorus of Warriors, and War Dance.

Fingal ! raise thine arm on high ;
Strike aloud thy sword on thy shield of Oak,
That it reach th' oppressor's ear,
And with withering palsy strike his arm :
Let thy voice be heard amidst our fountains,
And return in echoes from the mountains ;
Like a thunder-storm the foe confound,
Till he fall and sink into the ground.

Let thy eagles fly in wrath,
And the foe with forked lightning scathe ;
Made his heart to shrink in fear,
And his hand to yield the broken spear.

Fingal ! thine arm of vengeance rear,
Strike the sword on the sounding shield,
Strike terror to the tyrant's ear,
And make his withering spirit yield.
Arise ! thy voice of war be heard again,
The ghosts of Heroes beckon thee to arm ;
Descend the mountains, darken o'er the plain
The cloud of thunders in the arrowy storm.
Let thy sword of lightning gleam,
The wasteful Eagle's daring flight athwart ;
Let the red tide of battle stream,
From fountains open'd in the foeman's heart.

Roscrana.

While you on Clutha's streamy shore,
The Eagle-following legions drove,
A Druid skill'd in hidden lore,
And high intents that time shall prove,
Bade here in rapid vision rise,
The glories of the future time,
And Albin's varied destinies,
Rehear'd in high prophetic rhyme.

Fingal.

Would he were here, perchance his art
Might some refulgent hope impart,
Some ray upon my darkness gleam,
Though false and transient as the beam,
That glides along the northern sky,
When clouds are low, and storms are nigh.

Roscrana.

Behold he comes, the sage, the seer,
The last of all the Druid train ;

Bards ! strike the harp sublime and clear,
And greet the Ancient with your oldest strain.

[*The Bards play the Ossianic Hymn on the Harp, and the Druid enters, preceded by a Boy, carrying a Roll of Vellum on his Head.*]

Druid.

On Fingal, king of men, attends
The joy of honour, troops of friends.—
The oaks on Morven shall decay,
The towers of Selma pass away,
The hundred Bards of Selma lie
In unexplor'd obscurity ;—
But Fingal's fame shall ever spread,
Fingal the generous and the dread,
And me, the last his mercy spar'd,
High Heaven commissions to reward,
Commands me in his doubting hour,
To vindicate the Druid's pow'r ;
Bids on the signals of my science wait
The forms that like the mist reflect,
The coming ministers of Fate.

Roserana.

With harp and song, the Bards shall raise
Their plaudits with our grateful praise ;
If aught thy sacred art can show,
Will soothe great Fingal's dream of woe :
Alas ! he deems that each departed Chief,
Bends from his throne of clouds in grief,
And views in Fingal's summer hour,
The winter near, the darkness low'r.
When all the stars around his throne,
Must sink like meteors, and no more be known.

[*The Druid takes the Roll from the Boy's Head.*

Druid.

This sacred record of Druidic skill,
Which but th' initiate Druid none can read ;
Till Time shall Albin's destiny fulfil,
Describes the image of each purpos'd deed,

Relates, in long succession, how succeed
The Kings unborn of Fingal's royal race,
Who glorious conquer, who ill-fated bleed,
The landed minions of the bad and base,
And those that nobly die, bereft of Fortune's grace.

Fingal.

Unroll the volume, give its wisdom voice,
And if thy power, as Fame reports it may,
Can make, like ghosts, the great unborn arise,
Call forth to vision their sublime array.

[*While the Druid appears to be studying the Roll,
the Band plays the first Movement in Salvator
Rosa's Composition.]*

Druid.

Who shall expound the runic phrase,
That tells the deeds of future days,
The types of Albin's destiny ?
The land of Hills and Heroes, long,
When Roman deeds but live in song,
Will boast its ancient liberty.
And other tyrants, worse than haughty Rome,
When they, like her in Freedom's name will come,
Shall feel as thou hast made her feel,
The Highland arm, and Highland steel,
In undiminish'd energy.
Even now behold with pipe and targe,
The Sons of Albin seek the charge ;
Awake the harp, the sounding shell,
The horn to notes of battle swell !
Strike on the shield !
Roll the deep thunder of the doubling drum,
And give to shadows as they come,
The martial step and tread that shake the tented field.

THE GALLANT TAR.

When angry Nations rush to arms,
And dare Britannia's peace molest ;

Whilst Discord sounds her dire alarms,
 And fills with rage each hostile breast ;
 The gallant Tar, at Honour's call,
 Springs forth, to meet his country's foes,
 And, fix'd to conquer, or to fall,
 His breast with martial ardour glows.

II.

Behold him in the dreadful scene,
 Where Heroes fall, to rise no more !
 He braves his fate, with dauntless mien,
 And bids the thund'ring cannons roar !
 No fears appal his manly mind ;
 Or if, perchance, he heave a sigh,
 'Tis for the girl he left behind ;
 A sailor never dreads to die !

III.

In Honour's deathless page enroll'd,
 Conspicuous shines each Heroe's name,
 Each guardian of his native land,
 Whose bosom nobly pants for fame !
 On them the British Fair bestow
 Their choicest smiles ; their favours sweet ;
 When, crown'd with laurels from the foe,
 They lay their wreaths at Beauty's feet !

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THE ROCKS OF SCILLY.

Where Scilly's rocks rise huge and dark,
 And frowning overhang the wave ;
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“ Considerations of health warn me to retire. Your generosity has given me the means of retiring with comfort. What thanks can I sufficiently return for that comfort, which you have enabled me to obtain ?

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MISS FOOTE'S BENEFIT.

This interesting and amiable young actress, willing to make, "assurance doubly sure,"—added (if we may be allowed the metaphor) *three strings to her bow* on her benefit, which took place on Tuesday, June 6: to wit, first, Mr Betty, as the representative of *Alexander the Great*, in Lee's high-flown tragedy of that name; being his first and only appearance this season: secondly, her own *debut*, in tragedy, in the character of *Statira*, and thirdly, the *maiden-essay* of a female candidate for Thespian honours, in the part of *Roxalana*, in the *Sultan*. Miss Foote sustained likewise for the first time, and with much talent, the character of *Aladdin*, in the melo-dramatic romance of that title, or the *Wonderful Lamp*.

Mr. Betty's *quondam* fame, when acting under the appellation of the *Young Roseius*, is universally known. As *Master Betty*, he was a prodigy! as *Mr. Betty* he is not above the race of ordinary beings. If we say, that his performance of the part of *Alexander* was respectable, this is the utmost praise to which we conseeive it entitled. Miss Foote's *Statira* was a very promising effort, from which we confidently augur much future worth and excellence.

Whilst Discord sounds her dire alarms,
 And fills with rage each hostile breast ;
 The gallant Tar, at Honour's call,
 Springs forth, to meet his country's foes,
 And, fix'd to conquer, or to fall,
 His breast with martial ardour glows.

II.

Behold him in the dreadful scene,
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In Honour's deathless page enroll'd,
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The novelty of this species of entertainment, introduced by Mr. Jones, for his benefit, was honour'd with such great and unanimous applause, that it was subsequently had recourse to by Mr. Farley on the 16, and by Mrs. Gibbs, on the 21, of the same month, to enhance the attractions of their respective nights.

MISS FOOTE'S BENEFIT.

This interesting and amiable young actress, willing to make, "assurance doubly sure,"—added (if we may be allowed the metaphor) *three strings to her bow* on her benefit, which took place on Tuesday, June 6: to wit, first, Mr Betty, as the representative of *Alexander the Great*, in Lee's high-flown tragedy of that name, being his first and only appearance this season: secondly, her own *début*, in tragedy, in the character of *Statira*, and thirdly, the *maiden-essay* of a female candidate for Thespian honours, in the part of *Roxalana*, in the *Sultan*. Miss Foote sustained likewise for the first time, and with much talent, the character of *Aladdin*, in the melo-dramatic romance of that title, or the *Wonderful Lamp*.

Mr. Betty's *quondam* fame, when acting under the appellation of the *Young Roscius*, is universally known. As *Master Betty*, he was a prodigy! as *Mr. Betty* he is not above the race of ordinary beings. If we say, that his performance of the part of *Alexander* was respectable, this is the utmost praise to which we conceive it entitled. Miss Foote's *Statira* was a very promising effort, from which we confidently augur much future worth and excellence.

There is a certain something in her style of acting so natural, so artless, so unaffected, as cannot fail to please, and which indeed yields us the more delight, as being a very rare attribute in performers of her tender years, and youthful experience.

The lady, who made her *debut*, this evening, in the farce, in the character of *Roxalana*, evinced no mean degree of talent. Her reception was highly flattering, and such as must have proved peculiarly gratifying to her own feelings. Her person is graceful, her features delicate, and her whole manner interesting. As she has not thought proper for the present to declare her name we do not conceive ourselves authorized to endeavour to discover, much less to disclose, what it is apparently her wish to keep secret. The house, it affords us unfeigned satisfaction to state, was fashionably and numerously attended.

TELEMACHUS.

A new opera, in two acts, under the above title, was produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, June 7th, for the benefit of Miss Stephens. As it has not been repeated, (though advertized for a second and third representation in the play-bills,) it would be superfluous to enter into any length of detail on its merits and pretensions.

The title sufficiently points out the source from which the Opera is taken, and the *Adventures of Telemachus* being a book in the hands of almost every school-boy, we shall content ourselves with briefly observing, that the dialogue serves principally as a vehicle for the introduction of some very pleasing music, partly original, by Mr. Bishop, and partly selected by that composer from the works of Mozart, Winter, and Cimarosa. Miss Stephens, as the representative of *Eucharis*, is furnished with some very happy occasions of displaying to great advantage her sweet melodious voice. Mr. Sinclair likewise gave proof of much vocal skill and talent, in the part of *Telemachus*. The fair enchantress of the island, the ever blooming, ever youthful *Calyppo*, was personated by Mrs. Faueit, much in the same style as she enacts the *Lady* in the Masque of *Comus*. Miss Mathews represented *Venus*, and Miss Worgman her beauteous Son, the God of "Love and soft desire". Mr. Egerton sustained the venerable part of *Mentor*.

The Scenery, painted in a great measure, expressly for the occasion, exhibits some very interesting views, partaking in a high degree according to the situation of the case, of the picturesque the romantic, the terrific and the sublime. On the whole, the Opera was well calculated to answer the *ephemeral* purpose of a benefit.

MR. YOUNG'S CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

Mr. Young, for whose benefit was performed Gay's celebrated drama of the *Beggar's Opera*, on Tuesday, June 13th. has long and deservedly ranked high in public estimation and repute, as a performer of first-rate talent and histrionic worth. But it was reserved to the present occasion to bring him forward, and that to no mean advantage, in a new light and point of view. Hitherto, Mr. Young has never made any pretensions to vocal ability. But on his benefit, as the representative of *Macheath*, he gave ample proof, that he possesses a good, manly bass voice, combined with taste, with science, with feeling, and to which he knows to give due effect. His performance of a character, generally supposed so little adapted to his powers, equally surprised and delighted a numerous and brilliant audience. In two of his songs, he was loudly and rapturously encored.

The Opera was preceded by Holcroft's melo-drama, entitled a *Tale of Mystery*, in which Mr. Young sustained (for the first time and for that night only) the part of *Count Romaldi*. The receipts of the house bore pleasing testimony of the strong predilection, which the public entertain for this excellent and meritorious performer.

And here, after observing, that the following day, June 14., Mr. and Mrs. Liston took their joint benefit, on which occasion the grand melo-dramatic romance of the *Forty Thieves*, originally brought out at Drury-Lane theatre, was represented, with the dramatic sketch of *Music Mad* (likewise acted for the first time on the Covent-Garden boards), to which succeeded the revived opera of *Inkle and Yarico*,—we shall conclude the rubrie of benefit-nights at this house. That they have, in general, been highly productive to the performers, respectively interested in their result, will appear from the following statement, which has been given in certain of our public prints.

Receipts of Covent-Garden theatre on the benefit nights of	
Miss O'Neill.....	£650
Mr. Jones.....	600
Miss Foote.....	500
Mr. Young.....	500
Mr. Emery.....	500
Mr. Ingleton.....	450
Mr. and Mrs. Liston.....	400
Miss Stephens.....	300

Here then we terminate this chapter, heartily rejoicing at the success of the respective parties, and sincerely hoping, they may resume their professional occupation, on the commencement of the ensuing season, with additional satisfaction, profit, and pleasure to themselves.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

N. B. The *Benefit Nights &c.* at this theatre, are indicated in the same manner, as in our specification of the Covent-Garden dramatic performances.

1815.

May 25, King Richard the Second—Lodoiska

*26 Revenge—Of Age to-morrow

*27, (Mrs. Davison) Bold Stroke for a Wife—Blue Devils—Highland Reel

*29, (Mrs. Bartley) Family Legend—Adopted Child

30, Revenge—Weathercock

*31, (Mr. Munden) Road to Ruin—Honesty's the best Policy

*June 1, (Mr. Bannister) [The World—Children in the Wood—The Rival Soldiers.

2, Revenge—Drive Love out at the Door, He'll get in at the Window—Honesty's the best Policy

3, Macbeth—Honesty's the best Policy

5, King Richard the Third—Honesty's the best Policy

*6, (Mrs. Dickins) Artaxerxes—Irishman in London—Ella Rosenberg

7, Revenge—Lodoiska

*8, (Mr. Dibdin and Mr Phillips) English Fleet in 1342—Egerophadron; or, Polyscopic Pasticcio—Past ten o'clock, and a Rainy Night

9 Hamlet—Jean de Paris.

*10, (Mr. Rae) Foundling of the Forest—The Rival Soldiers—Honest Thieves

1815.

- *June 12, (Mr Johnstone) *The Rivals*—Drive Love out at the Door, he'll get in at the Window—Iondon Hermit
- 13, Othello—Past ten o'clock
- 14, Revenge—Woodman's Hut
- *15, (Miss Kelly) *Charles the Bold*; or *The Siege of Nantz*—Midas—Harlequin Hoax
- 16, Othello—Charles the Bold
- 17, Merchant of Venice—idem
- 18, King Richard the Second—idem
- 20, Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife—idem
- *21, (Mr Lovegrove) *School for Scandal*—Woodman's Hut
- 22, Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife—Charles the Bold.
- 23, Sons of Erin—Intrigue—The Critic
- 24, Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife—Charles the Bold

At Drury-Lane theatre, as at that of Covent-Garden, the performances, with the exception of the *benefit-nights*, offer little novelty. The *Family Legend*, a tragedy, acted, it seems, with great applause on the Edinburgh stage, was represented at Drury-Lane, for the first time, on Monday, May 29, for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley.—But the reception it met with on the metropolitan boards was not such, as to occasion it to be repeated.

HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY.

A new musical entertainment, under the above title, was brought forward on Wednesday, May 31., for the benefit of Mr. Munden.

The scene is laid in the East.—*Mustapha*, an opulent Mussulman, has provoked the resentment of the *Cadi*, by his freedom of speech, and the strict inquiry he makes into that magistrate's mal-administration. The *Cadi* burns with revenge, but masking his ill-designs under the cloak of friendship, pays *Mustapha* a visit.—He endeavours to inveigle his adversary's daughter into a clandestine marriage with a reputed vagrant, whom the *Cadi* has just released from prison, for the express purpose of passing him off as a man of great consequence and wealth, and one of his own relations.—The parties are brought together, but the meeting is so contrived, that they have not the opportunity of seeing each other's countenance. Both of them having contracted a prior engagement, are alike disinclined to the match. Accordingly they refuse to consent to the *Cadi's* proposition, when in the very act of parting they discover, that they are the very persons, who had mutually fallen in love with each other. This gives a new turn and aspect to the affair. They are easily prevailed upon to listen to the *Cadi's* pro-

posal, and the marriage soon after takes place, with all due solemnity.

The *Cadi* now chuckles himself with the supposed success of his scheme, when at the very moment, that he enjoys by anticipation his long-meditated revenge, it appears that the reputed vagrant is no less a personage than the *Cadi's* lawful prince. Thus the machinations of that treacherous magistrate are totally defeated, and his arts recoil upon himself; whilst *Mustapha*, whose honest indignation at the *Cadi's* malpractices had provoked the latter to compass his ruin, is raised to the height of honour and prosperity. His daughter partakes the prince's throne, and that happy event establishes the truth of the maxim, from which the new entertainment derives its title, *viz.* that *Honesty's the best Policy*.

The overture and music (entirely new, as we are informed in the bills), are the composition of Mr. Reeve. Some of the songs are not devoid of merit. One in particular, by Miss L. Kelly, which indeed she sings with most happy effect, was rapturously encored.

The new entertainment, on the whole, went off with tolerable success. On its fourth representation, it experienced considerable opposition, and has not been repeated since.

CHARLES THE BOLD; OR, THE SIEGE OF * NANTZ.

A new historical melo-drama, in three acts, under the above title, was represented at Drury-Lane theatre, for the first time, on Thursday, June 15., for the benefit of Miss Kelly. It is founded on an event connected with the history of France, and the attack made by Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed by some authors the *Bold*;

* With all due deference to the author of the new historical melo-drama of *Charles the Bold*, we are inclined to think, that he has committed a trifling error in the second title of his piece. The city, to which Charles the Bold, *alias* Charles the Rash, laid siege, and in the attack of which he lost his life, was *Nancy*, the ancient capital of Lorrain. *Nantes*, on the other hand, is a city of Brittany, on the Loire, famous for the so-called *Edict of Nantes*, made by Henry the Fourth, in favour of the French Protestants; but afterwards revoked by Louis XIV.—which occasioned the emigration of vast numbers of French families to this country. It was this impolitic measure, in a great degree to which England owes the introduction and improved state of her manufactoryes.

by others, the *Warrior*; and again by others, the *Rash*, upon the town of Nancy; in which attempt the Duke lost his life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Charles the Bold,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. S. Penly.
<i>Philip de Commines, surnamed Erasmus,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Rae.
<i>Gerard Davillier, (Governor of Nancy,)</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Pope.
<i>Thierry,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Wallack.
<i>James Galliot,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Hilaire,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Crooke.
<i>Marcellin,</i>	- - - - -	Miss G. Carr.
<i>Leontina, (Daughter of General Davillier,)</i>	- - - - -	Miss Kelly.
<i>Helen,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Harlowe.

The following is a brief outline of the plot:—

Charles, Duke of Burgundy, claiming right to the crown, lays siege to the town of Nancy, which is most gallantly defended for its legitimate prince by *Gerard Davillier*, the Governor. The first act opens with a scene, representing the encampment of Charles's army before the town. Enraged at the long and obstinate resistance of the inhabitants, who refuse to surrender or capitulate, although almost exhausted with famine, the Duke causes the husband of *Leontina*, daughter to the governor, who had fallen into his power, together with his infant son, *Marcellin*, in a sortie from the town, to be put to an ignominious death. The child he reserves for a still more cruel and sanguinary purpose, designing to make the preservation of his life the *sine qua non* of the unconditional surrender of the town, threatening, in case of refusal, on the part of the governor, to put the child to death.

In this deplorable state of affairs, *Leontina* forms the heroic resolution of leaving the town, in the disguise of a wood-cutter, numbers of whom are employed to furnish Charles's camp with fuel.—She is determined at once to deliver the citizens from their calamities, and to avenge the death of her murdered husband—an engagement, to which she is bound by a solemn oath. She enters the enemy's camp, in company with several other persons engaged in bringing wood to the soldiers, and is ordered by an officer on duty to throw down her bundle opposite the general's tent. In complying with this order, she discovers her son *Marcellin*, who, as already stated, is detained a prisoner by *Charles*, with a view of extorting

more advantageous terms of capitulation from the besieged. *Leontina* is now joined by *Thierry*, disguised as a sutler, who promises to aid her, in the deliverance of her child. The wood-cutters being ordered away, *Leontina* conceals herself in the general's tent, where she over-hears the deliberations of a council of war, and becomes privy to the Duke's intention, to attack the city with the utmost fury, and in case of continued resistance to put *Marcassin* to death, and send his head over the battlements of the town. *Charles* is instigated to this cruel step, in consequence of having just received intelligence of the march and speedy arrival of twelve thousand Swiss, with the lawful prince at their head, to relieve the town and raise the siege. *Leontina*, after having learnt these important tidings, by the aid of *Thierry* effects her escape from the Duke's camp, and carries her child off with her.

The second act presents a touching picture of the sufferings of the besieged. Their supplies of provision are totally exhausted; nothing but the most cruel of deaths, that of hunger stares them full in the face. Still encouraged by the zeal and loyalty of their governor, they resolve to perish to a man, rather than surrender to a cruel and a lawless usurper. Soon after arrives a flag of truce from *Charles*. He is admitted, with the usual precautions, and on being brought into the "presence of the governor, employs all his rhetoric to persuade him to betray his trust, surrender the town, and enter into the service of the enemies of his prince. This proposal *Davillier* meets with befitting indignation, declares his firm, irrevocable determination to defend the place to the last extremity, and to perish, sooner than forfeit his allegiance to his rightful sovereign. He agrees, however, to a truce of four-

* The same strict observance of propriety, of military discipline and routine, which marked the meeting of a council of council of war, in the open air, and in the presence and hearing of all the troops!! in the first act, is rigidly adhered to, in the present instance. The bearer of the flag of truce from the Duke, details his mission, and enters upon his parley, before "tag, rag, and bob-tail !!"—before the populace of the town at large. Would our present governors and rulers but condescend to take pattern from such high precedent, the counsels and measure of ministers would not be so inexplicable and mysterious, as they actually appear.

and twenty hours, and consents to accept of some casks of wine, sent him, not by the Duke, but by the generous and humane *Philip de Commines*. The bearer of the flag of truce is thereupon invited to the governor's house, (to which place, in fact, he ought to have been conducted long ago, and where the parley between *Davillier* and the Duke's messenger ought to have taken place,) to take refreshment and repose.

This pretended overture to negotiation is, however, a mere stratagem. The casks supposed to contain wine, are stuffed, like the Trojan horse, with armed men. In short, a plot is formed to surprise and murder the governor in his own house, and to gain possession of the keys of the town, which that cautious commander always places at night under his pillow. This perfidious design is discovered and rendered abortive by *Leontina*, at the very moment, that it is attempted to be put in execution. In the prevention of its accomplishment the humane *Philip de Commines* takes a very active part. Having overheard the project to assassinate the governor, he mixes himself among those charged with the perpetration of the crime, and being concealed in one of the casks, is very opportunely on the spot, to defeat the scheme, and save *Leontina* from the uplifted sword of the exasperated leader of the murderous band. He rejects, however, all the offers made him by the governor, to go over to their party, and contenting himself with the consciousness of having performed a good and laudable action, which procures him the grateful acknowledgments of those whose lives he has saved returns to the camp of *Charles*. The news already communicated to the inhabitants of the town of the near approach of a Swiss army, twelve thousand strong, to their relief, is now confirmed, and all are unanimous in rejecting every proposal of surrender.

In the third Act, the Burgundian army enter the town, by storm. *Charles* forms the cruel resolution of giving the inhabitants to entire and indiscriminate massacre; but at length is dissuaded from this barbarous design, and gives orders to decimate them. For this purpose they are drawn up in ranks, and a herald at arms is charged to count and put aside every tenth person. In the execution of this order it so happens, that the turn falls exactly on *Davillier*, *Leontina*, and her infant son *Marcellin*. *Leontina*, distracted with anguish, not on her own account, but at seeing the dreadful lot fall on her father and her child, has recourse to an arti-

fice to ward off the dreadful blow. She tells *Charles* that the place on which he stands is unernmed; that forty barrels of gunpowder are deposited under his feet, and only await a signal to explode, and overwhelm them all in promiscuous destruction. *Charles*, not in the least intimated, meets her threat with defiance; bids her give the signal, and vauntingly adds, that it is equal to him, in what place he dies. This firmness totally defeats *Leontina's* stratagem: *Charles*, still more exasperated by this attempt to deceive him, now determines to refine upon cruelty, and to tear the bleeding heart of the mother, by putting to death her child before her face. A cannon is brought upon the stage—a soldier with a lighted match in his hand stands beside it;—*Charles* himself seizes *Leontina's* son, holds him up in the air, and is placing him against a tree directly facing the cannon, when suddenly the child is snatched from his grasp; *Leontina* wrests the match out of the soldier's hand, applies it to the cannon—the gun fires—and *Charles* falls.

Such is the plot or fable of the new melo-drama, which is said to be a translation from the French, by Mr. Arnold. Though not, in our humble opinion, a production of great inherent worth as a literary composition, it derives strong interest from the peculiar circumstances of the present times, and the numerous opportunities it affords the author (of which, to do him justice, he has most amply and most dexterously availed himself) of introducing very striking and happy allusions to the momentous events recently transacted, and still in a course of daily transaction on the grand political stage of Europe. The unshaken trust the loyal attachment, and inviolate fidelity of *Davillier* to his legitimate prince form a strong and damning contrast to the perfidy of a *Ney*, with others of like stamp, among the Marshalls and leading men in France, of the present day, who have so signalized themselves, by their treachery to Louis XVIII., that never were the words of the poet more pertinently applied, nor more strikingly exemplified than in the instance of these perjured traitors, whose memory to the remotest posterity will remain

“damn'd to everlasting fame!”

The ferocious ambition, the cruelty, the lust of power, the bad faith and contempt of all laws, humane and divine, which mark the character of the Burgundian Duke; the impolicy, nay utter impossibility, of placing any trust, any reliance, any confidence in a man

of this description, furnish likewise abundant points of strong, direct, and potent allusion to the returned Corsican Usurper, who now, happily for mankind, appears to have run his race, and to have set, as he commenced his lawless reign, in blood. It is needless to add, that in the present state of public feeling, these several allusions were most rapturously applauded, and received with a degree of exultation, bordering on enthusiasm. With such powerful incidental and collateral recommendations as these, it is no wonder that the new melo-drama should be found to answer more than the *ephemeral* purpose of a benefit,—no wonder is it, that it should have experienced already a successful run of ten nights.

The performers did ample justice to their respective parts. The loyal governor *Davillier* found an adequate representative in Mr. Pope, whose very infirmities are additional qualifications to the just personation of this truly venerable character. Mr. Wallack, as *Thierry*, and Mr. Rae, as the humane and benevolent *Philip de Commines*, displayed much spirit and vigour in their performance.

But the greatest interest, in the representation, rests avowedly with Miss Kelly, who sustained the character of *Leontina* with more than ordinary feeling, energy and success. Mrs. Harlowe, as *Helen*, has but a very subordinate cast assigned her. The new melo-drama was throughout favourably received, and announced for repetition with a decided majority of applauding voices.

◆◆◆◆◆
MR. KEAN'S LEON.

We have frequently given it as our decided opinion, that this gentleman devotes his talents too exclusively to tragedy, and have on repeated occasions testified a wish to see him pay more assiduous court to the comic Muse, and alternate his studies between Melpomene and Thalia. In the former walk he has many and very formidable rivals—one, in particular, in scenes where grace, dignity, and elegance are required, whom he can scarcely hope ever to equal, namely—KEMBLE! In the latter few, if any, whom he need to fear, or with whom he is not capable of successfully disputing the palm.

Of the justice of this opinion, Mr. Kean furnished ample and convincing proof, by his personation of *Leon*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's humorous comedy of *Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife*, which he sustained for the first time on the London boards, on Tuesday, June 20. Grace, as we have frequently observed, does not rank

among the leading traits and attributes of Mr. Kean's style of acting. Neither, indeed, is this a quality indispensably necessary towards the just delineation of a character such as that of *Leon*, who neither by birth, nor yet by education, has any claims to the rank and title of a gentleman. He is represented as the brother of a person, moving in the humble sphere of a menial servant. He consents to play the fool, to counterfeit idiocy, and to carry on a system of deception, in order to form a fashionable alliance with a lady of known dissolute morals—and voluntarily unites his fate to that of a wanton, for the sake of gain. Most assuredly a character of this description cannot rank among those of an elevated and dignified cast,—neither can the ideas of a man, who stoops to such a mode of bettering his condition, and acquiring wealth, be of a very noble and refined nature.

In the early scenes of the play, Mr. Kean acts the pretended simpleton with much address, although at times he appears, to us at least, to carry the moral disguise he assumes too far, by degenerating into a kind of sheepishness and boorish imbecillity, which could not fail to disgust a lady of courtly manners, "hacknied in the ways of men," and accustomed to high life, like *Margaritta*. On the whole, however, Mr. Kean gives great and general satisfaction, in this part of the character.

When he at length, after the performance of the nuptial ceremony, after having secured the golden prize, for the sake of which he counterfeited idiocy; when, we say, he throws off the disguise he has assumed from motives of interest, and asserts his newly acquired prerogatives and rights,—as the husband, the lord and master, his action becomes replete with energy, with spirit and with fire. Peculiarly impressive was he in his imprecation of the husband's curse on those, who dare invade the husband's rights: and in his subsequent scenes with the *Duke*, he exhibits a mixture of firmness, shrewdness, and cool, deliberate manliness of spirit. In fact, the whole of his performance afforded unqualified satisfaction, and greatly surpassed our most sanguine expectation.

Mr. Bartley personated, for the first time, the bustling character of the *Copper Captain*, in the delineation of which, in our humble opinion, he is rather too formal. *Cacafogo* met with an able representative in Mr. Palmer, who now ranks among the veterans of the Drury-Lane stage.

Mrs. Onger is but a very inefficient representative of the high-minded, imperative *Margaritta*. She neither looks, nor acts the part, which requires no common portion of energy and spirit. The same objection does not apply to Mrs. Glover's *Estifania*, which is equally distinguished by archness, vicacity and, if any thing, by a redundancy of comic force and humour.

Mr. Knight, and Mr. Penley, as the representatives—the former of the Sibyll, who keeps the wretched hovel, to which the *Copper-Captain* so reluctantly suffers himself to be transported, at the artful instigation of his intriguing wife—the latter of the *Maid*, literally convulsed the house with laughter with their *outré* performance of these two characters.

PROVINCIALS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, BRIGHTON.

To the Editor of the Theatrical Reporter &c.

SIR,

In consequence of the wish you have expressed, to receive communications relative to the occurrences of the provincial stage, I transmit you the following notice of the opening of the theatrical campaign, at Brighton. Should my present communication be deemed worthy of insertion in your miscellany, I shall in all probability feel induced to send you a regular monthly account of what passes, in the theatrical line, at this place, where I now reside, and expect to remain for some time, by the advice of my physician, for the recovery of my health.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.

Brighton, }
June 26, 1815. }
Caractacus.

The theatre, at this elegant place of fashionable summer recreation and resort, opened, for the season, on Friday, June 23, with the performance of the Grand Romance of *Blue-Beard*, (the attractions of which were heightened by the introduction of a troop of horses) to which succeeded the Farce of the *Sleep-Walker*. To

Mr. Trotter, the Manager, great praise is due for the liberal system on which the concerns of this theatre are now conducted. Indeed it is but justice to say, that dramatic representations never were got up at this house with so much splendour, as at present.

Mr. Corey, as *Abomelique*, is entitled to peculiar commendation. His performance of the haughty, sanguinary Bashaw met with, what it most richly deserved, unbounded and unanimous applause. Mr. Pearman, who personated *Selim*, is allowed to be our first singer. He possesses a sweet and highly melodious voice, and executes his airs with great taste. There is not the least doubt of his becoming in time, provided he pays as much attention to his acting, as he does to his singing, a valuable acquisition to the stage. Mr. Vining's *Ibrahim* is, on the whole, a respectable performance; but unfortunately this gentlemen labours under an impediment in his utterance, which must ever prove a momentous draw-back on his claims, as an actor. Mr. Harley, who (as we are given to understand by the play-bills) is engaged for a few nights only, previous to his appearance in London, sustained the pleasing and humourous character of *Shacabac*. He evidently possesses more than ordinary talent, and would command in a still greater degree our unqualified admiration, did he not on all occasions so palpably imitate Messrs Mathews and Liston. The interesting part of *Fatima*, was assigned to a young lady, a pupil, as we are informed, of Mrs. Dickons, of Drury-Lane theatre. Her voice is peculiarly sweet, and from the specimen she exhibited of her vocal powers this evening, there can be no doubt but she will attain to considerable eminence in her profession, under the auspices of so able an instructress. Mrs. Gomersal's *Beda*, if not of first-rate excellence, is however no unpromising persouation.

The Farce of the *Sleep-Walker*, which, as already observed) followed after *Blue-Beard*, furnished Mr. Harley with a fresh opportunity of advantageously displaying his talents for drollery and broad humour, in the part of *Somno*, in which he acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Mrs. Corey, as the representative of Mrs. *Decorum*, played and looked the part imminently well. This actress is indeed noted for the appropriate manner, in which she dresses the character of old Ladies, antiquated virgins, and hopeless spinsters on the stage.

SOUND REASONING;

OR,

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

Could a man find out the secret to take a lease of his life, for a term of years equal to the age of *Methuselah*, and other patriarchs of the antedeluvian world, who, according to Moses, were three hundred years in attaining to their full perfection of vigour,—enjoyed that perfection for a like period of time, and then were as long in the act of decaying;—then, indeed, some apology might be offered for the two crying sins of both sexes, at the present moment—to wit, drunkenness in the men, and abstinence from enjoyment in the ladies.

Where would be, in that case, the loss or the harm to throw away a week's, nay a month's revenue upon one night's debauch, if a man could promise himself the age of a patriarch?

Or, where would be the mighty penance, in dancing a dozen years' attendance after a coy female, watching her critical moments, her most favourable opportunities, and most accessible intervals, at last to arrive at the object of all our desires, if infirmities and old age were nine-hundred years removed from us?

But, since Fate has given us so short a period to taste and relish pleasure, three or four day's sickness constitute too great a rent charge upon human nature; and drunkenness cannot pretend, out of its own fund, to acquit the debt.

And, since our gaiety and vigour so soon leaves us in the lurch; since feebleness attacks us without due warning, and we no sooner pass the meridian of life, than we rapidly decline, it is no longer worth a lover's while to serve twice seven years, as *Jacob* did, for a mistress, and to waste the flower of our existence in slaving for the obtainment of a wife.

Sound philosophy therefore teaches us, in all things, to observe “*the golden mean*,”—never to sacrifice inconsiderately the *future* to the *present*, on the one hand; nor yet to loose totally sight of the *present*, in too sanguinary anticipation of the *future*, on the other. Horace, in this respect, gives us some most excellent and salutary advice, drawn from the genuine school of Epicurus,—that enlight-

ened sage, whose philosophy, whose maxims, and whose tenets, have been so shamefully perverted and misrepresented by ignorance, by superstition, and by interested, and mercenary commentators. Thus he says :

" Quid sit futurum *cras*, fuge quærere."

And again

" Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro

" Appone."

To enjoy the present, without over-anxious solicitude for the future,—yet, at the same time, not totally to lose sight of probable contingencies, is in fact the true, the only practical philosophy of life.

* * Our Friends and Readers are most respectfully informed that the Title-Page, together with the Index, &c. to the First Volume of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* will be given in our next Number. Severe indisposition, on the part of the Editor, will, it is hoped, be admitted as an adequate apology for this delay.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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